

COLMAN'S



Established 1848.

Sorgo Department.

National Sugar Growers' Association.

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Sorgo in Dakota.

EDITOR RURAL WORLD: Perhaps an item from this northern section of the Union on the subject of Sorgo Growing, will not be uninteresting to your readers. I have just finished making sirup for this year. Have made 850 gallons, and it is an article superior to any I ever made in Illinois. The average of the juice marked 9 1/2-10 B, and some of it as high as 11 B. One man managed his ground to make the juice extra rich, and it marked 6 1/2-7 B. He learned that high manuring was not the thing for northern cane. The cane has generally ripened well here, and was of good height. The juice threw off the scum readily, and the sirup thickened easily without scorching in the evaporator. My fuel was flax straw and bagasse.

Cane does well on our sandy loam, and was ripe enough to work Sept. 1st. The Early Amber is our favorite variety. My sirup sold for seventy cents per gallon by the barrel. All crops are light in this vicinity this year.

Miller, Dakota.

We are glad to hear so good a report from Dakota. It surprises us somewhat, to learn that cane ripens so early as Sept. 1st in that section. We see no reason why all of the sirup, and sugar also, needed in that country, should not be raised in it. It will be found in the long run, that sorgo growing and manufacturing will pay as well, if not better, than most other farm crops; and there is such an overproduction of most crops raised on the farm, that it is the part of wisdom to farmers to diversify their pursuits.

The Molasses Maker's Lament—His Sudden Death—The Inquest—The Autopsy and Remarks by Truthful A. A. D., of Bavaria, Kansas.

I am preparing a treatise on "Abnormal tendencies of the human race." It will be illustrated and will be valuable. I had heard there was a singular race of sorgo lappers in Kansas who were supposed by some to be an offshoot of the human race, and so I journeyed about in search of the sorgo lappers. I found a fine specimen and scrutinized him closely. There were hard lines on his face which told of struggles with adversity, there was a weariness in his voice which suggested the idea that the bottom had dropped out of something. It was evident that the man had sat down on him. It was also evident that he had sat down on molasses barrels. I do not give my reasons for this inference, but I am sure it was correct. He conversed fluently and freely. "Yes," he said. "Things are not as they used to be. Times are tight now, very tight. In the good old times there was a good market for good molasses, and I used to make sorgo just like honey. The emigrant's covered wagon always had a keg of molasses under its travel-stained cover. The village store always had a barrel on tap. The lonely settler always took his jug to town of a Saturday for his ration of molasses. But there has been a change.

These new-fangled creatures are slaughtering the molasses makers. Do you know how butter is made? It is made by squeezing a cow till milk comes in intermittent streams, this milk is allowed to stand till it browns up a yellow. This scum is buried by patent paddles, the product is kneaded with the knuckles, and this stuff is smeared over chunks of bread to enable them to slide down the esophagus, and our people prefer this to our glorious and healthy sorgo. And yet the Creator originally endowed man with sense! But this is not the worst. A Dutchman discovered that by boiling cane with a tremendous acid an insipid gummy stuff was produced. Another Dutchman discovered that by mixing this stuff with genuine molasses, the slippery mixture could be sold. There were millions of money in these two ideas, and now you see our people prefer this mixture to our genuinely good sorgo. And yet the Creator originally endowed man with sense! If you want to win nowadays you have to adulterate butter or honey or sugar or molasses. There is adultery everywhere, more than you know of, and there will be more soon as they learn how. And yet this is not the worst. Congress has reduced the duty on sugar and molasses, and has again reduced it, and a bill is up now to place them on the free list. It seems as if Uncle Sam wanted to drown his brightest children, and it seems as if they would drown. The government has encouraged and assisted the cane planters to put in machineries and build up a business which would in a few years make this country independent of foreigners in this line, and now it cuts the dam and leaves us to compete with the product of lepers and coolies and such underpaid labor. We pay more for foreign sugar and molasses than for all other foreign agricultural products. It should be a blessing to our people to export less low-priced grain and to import less sugar and molasses, but our government will compel us to export the cheap grain. And yet the

Creator originally endowed man with sense! But this is not the worst. Germany has been seemingly quiet since the Franco-Prussian war, but she has not been idle. She has been encouraging and stimulating beet with rebates and the like, and now you see Dutch sugar ungular in Cuba, and crowding Louisiana sugar to the wall, and murdering sorgo. And this is not all. The sugar factories with their big capital and expensive apparatus and trained help make their money out of sugar and sell their molasses for what they can get, and it costs them less than it does the small horse power cane mill. These are the reasons why I and my friends wear poor clothes, and have cheap fare, and have debts enough, and no bank account worth mentioning.

But there is a better day coming. There will be discoveries and inventions and increased experience and improved apparatus and better processes. We will make 1,000 pounds of prime sugar, and also 1,000 pounds of prime sirup from an acre of sorgo at less cost than now. I have a plan myself, and a patent from the United States Government. You see heat is the arch enemy of sugar, it carbonizes and forms carboniferous compounds, why then should we have heat? I have not just now the means to develop my plan, but when I get down to business the sorgo lappers will take the place which belongs to them, our sorgo sirup will discount glucose, our country will produce its own sugar. His eyes dilated, his breath came heavily, the gorgeous setting sun illumined his rugged face already lighted up with a joyous smile, his head dropped. How was dead. The coroner had an inquest and an autopsy. I do not know exactly what an autopsy is. I suppose it means to take the top of the head off. I was there and saw it myself. The verdict was "Died of Sorgo on the Brain." It was incorrect. It was a combination of sorgo and other adverse circumstances that killed him. Let us honor the brave man who never flinched in his struggles for success. Let us build him a monument 100 feet high and engraved with fitting emblems such as a broken cane mill and a busted sirup barrel and a sorgo angel reaching down for a jug of molasses. But there is a difficulty. A marble monument 100 feet high will cost at least ten dollars and 2,000 such monuments which are needed in similar cases will cost one hundred dollars. There is not that amount of spare cash in the treasury of the society of the sorgo lappers. Perhaps the Congress of molasses makers at their next session in St. Louis will consider this subject and do something for their dead.

A. A. D.

Bavaria, Kansas.

EDITOR RURAL WORLD: I notice in your issue of the 23rd October a communication from ex-Gov. H. C. Warmouth of Louisiana on the reduction of cost in the manufacture of sugar, and though his remarks are mostly directed to the reduction of beet sugar it applies to that of cane sugar as well. We can use the bagasse of cane as fuel, which cannot be said of the beet, and by its use the cost of wood or of coal and as well the cost of hauling the bagasse away. From the pattern of my bagasse burner published in your last issue it will be seen that it is simple and sure and that with all the refuse can be utilized in the boiling of the juice. This burner has been patented in the United States, Cuba and all cane sugar producing countries, and will be on exhibition at the New Orleans Exposition, and I hope, too, at the coming convention of the National Sugar Growers' Association at St. Louis.

JOHN C. SEMONES.

Hotel Hunt, St. Louis.

A description of this new bagasse burner appeared in our last issue, and will bear the closest investigation by all who are interested.—Ed.

A New Sugar-Making Process.

Louisiana planters are directing their attention to a new process for extracting cane sugar. This process is known as the "Trobach" process. It is purely chemical, differing materially from the mechanical process now used, and it is said to be able to all it is claimed to be, will effect a revolution in sugar-making, and cheapen the article. The Trobach's process consists of crushing and pressing altogether: the cane is cut into slices by means of machinery, and the water extracted from it by alcohol vapor, which, having an affinity for the water, absorbs it, but leaves the saccharine in the desiccated cane. This is then treated with liquid alcohol, which extracts the sugar, and afterwards the sugar is extracted from the alcohol, or the alcohol from the sugar by filtering through lime and chalk. One great obstacle to the cheap manufacture of Louisiana sugar is the difficulty of extracting all or nearly all the saccharine from the cane; a considerable proportion is lost in the bagasse, or refuse which is thrown away or burned. If this waste could be saved, it would cheapen the process one cent a pound.

The present sugar-making machinery in Louisiana would be an impediment to the introduction of the Trobach method. It is not adapted to the new process, and would have to be thrown away—A sacrifice which the Louisiana planters could ill afford, as their machinery is very costly.

RECEIPTS OF NEW SUGAR.—Forlor Hope plantation, owned by Anger & Nicol, was the first to send new sugar to market this year. It was received here last Saturday, 11 inst., comprised 43 bbls., with 30 bbls. of molasses. Since then, a lot of 105 barrels sugar has been received from Mr. Leon Godchaux's Elm Hall plantation, Assumption parish.

We understand it embraced 35 bbls. gray, which sold at 5c., and 70 bbls. yellow clarified, which brought 5 1/2-6 and 5 1/4-1. Forlor Hope has since sent a second lot, some of the white clarified selling at 5c. and a part as high as 6c. A small shipment of sugar from Mr. Koch's Belle Alliance plantation, in Assumption, was received on last Thursday, but we have not learned the details of sales.—Sugar Bowl and Farm Journal.

Sorgo Notes From Wisconsin.

—John Gibson, of Trempealeau county, has made about 2000 gallons of choice sirup. The yield in that part of the State is 160 gallons to the acre. D. C. Cilly has made over 500 gallons.

—Most of the mills in Sauk county have closed work. Burton & Bass, the owners of the Excelsior works, made 800 gallons.

—The Galesville Independent says that the cane mills have nearly completed their labors for this year, giving a fair yield of sirup of good quality. The price of sirup and sugar is so low it seems surprising to the many farmers who are engaged in the manufacture of sirup, but like every other industry it must have its ups and downs.

—The works of the Messrs. Williamson, town of Madison, are still running and have made a large amount of most excellent sirup. There is room for a few more mills in the vicinity of this city.

The following encouraging report from Mazomanie were glad to put on record:

A HEAVY YIELD.

John Parman, of Mazomanie, brought to Messrs. Greenings' mill the cane from 10,440 sq. feet, or 2 rods less than 1-4 of an acre. This when manufactured yielded 72 gallons of good heavy sirup, or at the rate of 304 gallons per acre. This is no guess work, as the land was carefully measured and an accurate account kept at the sorgo mill.

SORGO AT BELOIT.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Having seen a statement in your last issue of the yield of the Amber cane crop I will give you my experience for this season. I planted 75 square rods, (a little less than half an acre), and took therefrom five tons and 1,335 lbs. of cane, which returned me 811 gallons of sirup of very fine quality, and which is already so sugary that it is difficult to draw from the cask. My estimate of cost and profit is as follows: Planting, cultivating, and harvesting, \$2.50; Drawing 600 lbs. to mill, \$2.50; Paid 25c. per gallon for making the necessary Total, \$5.00. Cash value of 91 gallons at 50 cents, \$45.50, leaving me a balance of \$14.25. I have sold all I could spare at the price stated.

I hauled the cane 5 1/2 miles to the mill, which is a steam mill owned by K. C. Rostad, and has a capacity of 300 tons per 24 hours. There is a good demand for the sirup in Beloit, most people preferring it to any other kind. I must say that I am well pleased with the results of my labor, and am in hopes of seeing in the near future the necessary machinery brought into use, in this State, for reducing the sirup to sugar, which it seems to me requires only a willing heart and a ready hand to become a profitable business.—C. A. B., in Western Farmer.

ugar.

"Do you know," said a prominent official of the Agricultural Department, "that in spite of all the time that we have had in the past few years about sorgo sugar, and the reported success of the past year, or two in its manufacture, the people are still ignorant of the fact that there is a sugar-cane in this country than sorgo sugar?" "No," "It is a fact," he replied, with a smile. "There is just one beet sugar factory in the country; that is in California. It turned out last year and the year before more sugar than all the sorgo-sugar factories in the country." "Do you think there is any future to this industry in the United States?" "I think that if the United States was ever to produce its own sugar it would be in this way, and there is no reason why it should not do so."

In this connection some facts and figures recently received at the State Department from Consul Kiefer, in Germany (Stettin) are specially interesting. He shows that the export of beet sugar from Germany to the United States, begun in 1881, has grown with wonderful rapidity, notwithstanding the heavy tariff which this country imposes upon foreign sugars, and from that consular district alone amounted last year to nearly \$1,000,000, and it is to be largely increased in the coming year. Commenting upon the great quantities of beet sugar manufactured in this district, and the profits growing out of that industry as well, Consul Kiefer says:

"As I look at the astounding results, I cannot help thinking that in the cultivation of this root a new and large field of enterprise and prosperity would be given to our American people. Some States are particularly adapted to the cultivation of the sugar-beet; for instance, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa and 100,000 acres lying idle now, that if utilized for purpose, would yield a rich harvest. The time will come when the beet-root will be for the North what sugar-cane is for the South, and sugar factories will keep pace within the Northern States to the cotton mills now springing up in the South, and the wealth of the nation will be materially increased, not only by adding a new industry to the country, but also by saving the hundreds of thousands of dollars now annually sent abroad for this article."

In the above from the Commercial Bulletin, there is a large quantum of the merest trash.

First, but little has been said in the North about sugar from sorgo, for the simple reason that, merchantable sugar

is a product of the scientist and expert rather than from that of the agriculturist, and the latter is not skilled in the arts of the former.

Next a single factory in California may do as the prominent official (?) is reported to have said; but supposing such to be the case what does it amount to? Is sugar the only sweet? will the value of the product of the beet sugar factory in the United States compare with the product of Northern sugar (so contemptuously referred to by the said prominent official)? Or is there a sirup made by thousands of farmers who protest against its granulation into sugar, to whom sweet in that shape is as valuable and desirable a commodity as the finest of loaf sugar is to the millionaire?

We venture to say to the prominent official from Washington (?) that there has been more money made out of Northern sugar cane for the capital invested, than was ever made out of that put into the sugar beet manufacturing in the United States; that where from fifty thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been invested to no purpose in the one for the manufacture of sugar, a thousand farms have responded to the cultivation of the other and the product of a good sirup to profit. We have to look this and all other economic questions in the face, and judge of their value by the experience we have had. The beet sugar industry in the United States has lost to its promoters all the money they ever put into it; the Northern sugar cane industry has not been altogether the success that could be desired, but, very few have lost money by it.

A Word to Sugar Planters.

—If Louisiana sugar planters seek to enlist favor with the people of the North they can best accomplish that end by showing them that Louisiana sugar is not inferior to that of the American market that compares with it in purity or saccharine richness, and yet few house keepers living north of the Ohio river or east of the mountains ever tasted it.

If Louisiana sugar planters will take the trouble to convince Eastern consumers that a single pound of their product will go as far as three pounds of the imported article, they will build up a demand that will far more than equal their capacity to supply, and find an active market for the entire American crop at such advanced prices as will render them entirely independent of the tariff protection they now enjoy.

The distribution of a hundred or two hogheads in test pound packages to leading families in New York and Boston in opening up a demand such as they have never heretofore known, and people of wealth will be ready to pay an extra price for pure, rich sugar, as they have always been for extra butter and good corn.

They don't know anything about Louisiana sugar, and judge it and condemn it by the light of their experience with the adulterated trash of the West Indies, Sandwich Islands and other foreign sources.

What we say of Louisiana sugar applies yet more forcibly to Louisiana molasses. No one in this northern country will buy or use any other if he can help it, and yet in the North and East the people are fed on all manner of wretched substitutes, many of them utterly guiltless of cane juice, but made from corn stalks, saw dust and other cheap bases by the action of acids and injurious chemicals.

The New Orleans Exposition will afford the Louisiana sugar planters a grand opportunity to build up a demand for their products that will make the culture of the American cane independent of the challenges of foreign competition, if they are wise enough to profit by it.—Aberdeen (Miss.) Examiner.

Sugar from Sorgo.

—There has just been received in this city the report of the Italian Minister of Agriculture upon the investigations of sorgo which were undertaken by the Italian Government in 1879 and 1880.

The results confirm in a striking manner the conclusions announced, and confirm the fact that sorgo is a winter feed for cattle. Among other things said and done were the following: The fallow of Mr. L. Smith, of Troy, Pa., to get satisfactory results from feeding cattle, per head, of one-half bushel of corn stalks, six to eight quarts of heavy feed, mostly corn, and hay, to be accounted for as follows: Ruminate animals never masticate their food when first taken but make it into balls and swallow it and then gulp it up and chew it afterwards. The most of corn stalks when cut are short blocks or cylinders, which are not capable of being worked up into a ball that will keep together until thrown back into the mouth to be chewed over again. They are, therefore, neither masticated nor digested. They irritate the intestines doing more hurt than good. If the stalks could be cut by a sort of planer with a hatchet alternating with the knives, so as to cut the stalks into shreds, it would make them more available as food for cattle than they are ordinarily cut.

Hesperia, Mich., Oct. 13, 1884.

I have been a reader of the Husbandman the past three years, and have taken great interest in the discussions of the Club, and been benefited by many suggestions upon the different topics discussed. The comments made on the letter of L. L. Smith do not agree with my experience in feeding out cornstalks. I have practiced it for several years, and consider it one of the best, if not the best, feed for wintering cattle, if properly fed. I have wintered from fifteen to thirty calves on nothing but cut cornstalks and a little corn meal or bran. My practice is to cut the stalks fine and

sprinkle with a little warm water and stir sufficient to moisten all through, and it does not take much water. I then sprinkle about one pint of meal or bran to each calf, or in the same proportion for older cattle and feed them just what they will eat clean, which, by proper observation, one can soon learn, morning and evening, regular, and a run at the straw stack in the middle of the day if the weather is suitable, if not, after watering put them into their stables and a little straw in their mangers at noon, and bed them with what they do not eat. I divide them into classes of from six to eight, the larger ones by themselves, and the smaller and weaker, so that each has a fair chance. With such treatment they will thrive all winter, and will, after a short time to grass, be suitable for beef, if necessary. Last fall I purchased a pair of yearling steers to feed some stalks I had in my horse barn in the village, as I had no cow to feed them to. I put the steers into the stalks and kept them there all winter, carrying water to them. I fed them nothing but cut cornstalks, with twenty bushels of ground oats and 200 pounds of oil meal and about forty bushels of carrots, and I sold them to the butchers the first of April, more than doubling my money, and I paid a large price for them too. The butcher said it was the best beef he had had in a long time, it was splendid. As I said above, I have practiced feeding out cornstalks to cattle a number of years, and have never seen any bad effect, but with the best results, as my stock thus treated came out in the spring as good, if not better, than most of my neighbors that fed in the usual way. I had rather have one acre of good stalks than one acre of average hay. I can keep double the stock by cutting than by the usual slip-shod way of feeding stalks whole and scattering over the yard to be trampled on by stock.

President McCann remarked, "Here are two letters on feeding corn stalks, one sustaining opinions expressed by the Club, the other opposing them. I count cornstalks good feed for cattle when supplied in proper allowance, but when fed alone they certainly are not sufficient to bring thrift and maintain it through a long course of feeding."

Other farmers commented on Mr. Monroe's plan approvingly, but they noted the fact that he had supplied grain and other nutritious food to supplement the stalks, and his reasoning they considered inaccurate inasmuch as he appeared to give credit to the stalks that properly belonged to grain. His method was analyzed as follows:

He supplied the two yearling steers with 200 lbs. of oil meal, 640 lbs. ground oats, and forty bushels of carrots. This would give to each a daily ration through a hundred days of feeding, a pound of oil meal, nearly three and a quarter pounds of ground oats, and an important addition of carrots amounting to nearly 1000 gallons, and he appeared to give credit to the stalks that properly belonged to grain. His method was analyzed as follows:

It was observed by several members of the club that the steers were always rejected when animals were allowed to select for themselves and if cut and masked by grain they were induced to eat woody fiber, in nutritious and irritating to the stomach.

Mr. John M. C. asked advice of the Club about cutting cornstalks for sixteen cows for he had a large supply and wished to obtain the greatest value in feeding. He was answered by Mr. Haller who objected to cutting as a waste of labor, the only advantage appearing to be the manure heap where the stalks when cut would not interfere with handling, but he said "I would a great deal rather take the labor of pitching the manure with the uncut stalks than the labor of cutting."

Another question by John McCann: Can I stack stalks and save them well? The answer was, "No; corn stalks are the poorest product of the farm to stack with sawy, because the large stalks leave innumerable openings for water to enter, and the outside of the stack, beaten by storms, becomes worthless. The best way to store is to place them around in the barn wherever space is found, the bundles should be standing. So far as better than any other part of the space available for storing because there is freer circulation of air."

One member advised feeding stalks on snow in winter when the weather is crisp and cold, because under such conditions cattle would eat them more readily and obtain from them greater value than if fed in the stables. He recommended that the cattle be turned out in the middle of the day to take their allowance of stalks and afterward that they be put in the stanchions to be fed other fodder and grain in whatever amount might be required. The advantage of this system of feeding would be reduction of waste to the lowest point, for the stalks on clean grasses are so largely a natural product, and the selection of seed has received so little attention. However, it is undoubtedly true that increased pains can be devoted to this department of farming with fully as much profit as to any other.

Agicultural.

Feeding Corn Stalks.

In one of its recent discussions, the Elmhurst Farmer's Club had under consideration, as reported in the Husbandman, the value of corn stalks as a winter feed for cattle. Among other things said and done were the following: The fallow of Mr. L. L. Smith, of Troy, Pa., to get satisfactory results from feeding cattle, per head, of one-half bushel of corn stalks, six to eight quarts of heavy feed, mostly corn, and hay, to be accounted for as follows: Ruminate animals never masticate their food when first taken but make it into balls and swallow it and then gulp it up and chew it afterwards. The most of corn stalks when cut are short blocks or cylinders, which are not capable of being worked up into a ball that will keep together until thrown back into the mouth to be chewed over again. They are, therefore, neither masticated nor digested. They irritate the intestines doing more hurt than good. If the stalks could be cut by a sort of planer with a hatchet alternating with the knives, so as to cut the stalks into shreds, it would make them more available as food for cattle than they are ordinarily cut.

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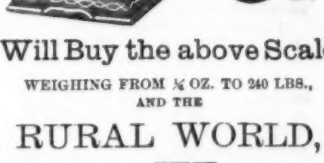
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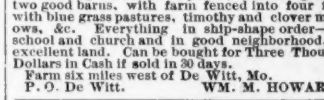
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two good barns, with farm fenced into four
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DICKERSON, EDWIN KELSER
Green Springs, Kentucky, "The Old
Kentucky Farm," 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843,
1844, 1845, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849,
1850, 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855,
1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861,
1862, 1863, 1864,

The Home Circle.

COMING HOME AT LAST.

BY WILL CARLTON.

The banishment was over long,
But it will soon be past;
The man who wrote Home's sweetest song
Is coming home at last!
For years his poor abode was seen
In foreign lands abroad,
And waves have thundered loud between
The singer and his own.
But he will soon be journeying
To friends across the sea;
And grander than of any King
His welcome here shall be.
He wandered o'er the dreary earth,
Forgotten and alone;
He who could teach Home's matchless worth
No more had one of his own.
"Neath winter's cloud and summer's sun
Along the hilly road,
He bore his great heart, and had none
To help him with the load;
And where'er he went in his round
His sweet, pathetic song he found
Had floated on ahead!
He heard the melodies it made
Come pealing o'er and o'er
From royal music bands that played
Before the palace door.
He heard its gentle tones of love
From many a cottage creep,
When tender, crooning notes strove
To sing the babes to sleep;
And where'er true love had birth
This thrilling song had flown;
But he who taught Home's matchless worth
Had no home of his own.

THE HAPPY OLD BACHELOR.

"In a bachelor still, I have found very life.
In the hands of the ladies I've met,
But my heart is so kind that I've made up
My mind.
Their treatment to try and forget.
For 'tis joy to be an old fellow like me,
With none but myself to delight;
With none to scold, if I catch a bad cold
By staying out late in the night.
I was first very fond of a beautiful blonde,
Who was seven years older than I.
I tried to propose, but she turned up her
nose,
And I felt that I wanted to die.
She said I was wild, I was only a child,
My sighs with her laughing she drowned,
And at last sixteen I was crushed like a bean.
When it goes through a mill to be ground.
The next girl I met was a charming brunette
Who loved me, she said, "more than life."
But my wages were low, and I had to say
"No."
When she asked me to make her my wife,
So she married a shoe dealer, rich as a Jew;
All the comforts of life she enjoys.
She is one of the "lights" who declaim
"women's rights."
And the mother of seven bad boys.
My next love affair with a girl with red hair
Was a serious matter to me.
When I asked her to wed me she solemnly
said:
"I have promised another to be."
Each word like a dart pierced my passionate
heart,
And my future looked cloudy and dim.
She married her choice and I live to rejoice—
(Her temper is tested on a plume).
My friendship one day in a platonic way
With a pretty young widow began.
She dazzled my eyes and I thought her a
prize—
But she married a medical man,
But 'tis joy to be an old fellow like me,
With none but myself to delight;
With none to scold, if I catch a bad cold
By staying out late in the night.
—Eugene J. Hall, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Adornment of Our Homes.

The wake of spring and the return of
autumn, clad in the brilliant dress of
purple and golden foliage, imparting to
nature that characteristic charm of en-
dless variety of hues and colors—a frolic,
as it were, before the dreary death of
winter, reminds the editor periodically
of his duty, of offering to his patrons a
few practical suggestions in regard to
the embellishment of the grounds sur-
rounding the home, and therefore in con-
stant sight of the inmates—old and
young.
The subject has, like many other kind-
red topics, two sides from which it may
be viewed, it has a bearing on the home,
its nourishment and expansion, and it is
a question of what to do, what to plant,
and how to arrange the immediate sur-
roundings of the homestead. Let us first
remember that cleanliness is an impor-
tant attribute of the grounds. Our fore-
most efforts, should in consequence be
directed to a thorough cleaning of the
yard, the garden and the orchard. Give
to them an honest combing, and they
will be so much brighter and inviting in
return of the labor bestowed upon them.
operation. Remove the weeds, the piles
of rubbish that may have accumulated
during the busy time of summer, and all
that mars the clean and bright looks of
the premises. This change will be a
pleasant episode in the routine of daily
life of the family circle, it will be pleas-
ing to all alike. It is the most important
step in improvement.
Next, let us inquire into the sylvan
decoration of the place, which gives the
real, solid, comfort to the home
grounds. How wide a field of specula-
tion and reflection is opened to us in this
direction, how many trees may be miss-
ing, how bare and dreary may be the
surroundings of the house, or how wild
and uninviting the eye may be the
natural forest growth happening to be on
the ground. Give this question, for once,
a serious consideration, and adopt the
most rational course to remedy the de-
fects, remembering the fundamental
principle expressed in Nature's scenery
everywhere, a proper balance of light
and shade, of wood and lawn. Select
the spots where shade will be most de-
sirable, and plant on them the needed
trees. No better, more convenient time
to do this work will come the year around,
than the present, the pleasant days of
fall and early winter. Deferring it till
busy spring is in most cases equivalent
to neglecting it all together.
It will be readily understood that good
judgment should be used in the question
of what to plant in front of the house
and around the most frequented places
of the premises. It is evident that shade
and ornamental trees and shrubs are
more desirable and better located
—Gambles. The latter are far better located

when planted by themselves, in orchard
form, encouraged by suitable cultivation,
than when scattered promiscuously all
over the grounds, mixed between the
shade trees and ornamental shrubbery.
The plainest rules of rational fitness of
things demand this separation, though it
is strangely ignored in very many cases.
The front yard should be the lawn,
from which arise the stately trees, of
shade and ornament, and clumps of flow-
ering shrubs, bordered by bright flowers.
The ground in the rear of the house is
devoted to the orchard and the garden.
How great is the difference in places im-
proved on this plan of rational separa-
tion, and such as planted in a planless
haphazard manner of intermixture of
everything that may be set out. Judi-
cious association of trees and shrubs is
equally necessary in the arrange-
ment of the lawn devoted to ornamental
purposes. A planless mixing up of things
will never produce a pleasant sylvan
scene, nor a befitting foreground to the
residence; but will ever be a confused
mass of shrubbery no more to be desired
than the most uninteresting specimens may
be found therein. The disposition of the
material of decoration of the lawn is a
direct test of the planter's conception of
design, of the beautiful in nature. If he
plans simply to say that he will plant
regardless of the pattern of natural
scenery, he cannot expect to produce in
time a sylvan picture resembling a beau-
tiful natural scene, and therefore pleas-
ing to the beholder. This is the point,
where horticultural efforts must be di-
rected by artistic considerations, its dis-
cussion in this connection would lead us
into matters pertaining to the art of
landscape gardening, which we do not
desire to touch on this present occasion.
It will suffice to say that lofty trees, and
trees, shrubs and evergreens, should not
be planted as the merest notion or ac-
cident may will it, but should be separated
to some extent at least, and associated in
such a manner as to form groups, whose
beauty and effect will be higher and more
pleasing than if they were separated or
prevented by surrounding trees.
Forethought to the future is indispensably
necessary to success in ornamental
planting, but most strangely ignored in
many cases. Attempt to form a group
of shade trees, where shade may be most
desirable, select a spot where flowering
shrubs and flowers may be in harmony
to their surroundings, and plant the
evergreens where they can develop free-
ly, to form a pleasing contrast to the
leafy trees. In this wise you will pro-
duce a striking and pleasant variety,
whilst a promiscuous mixing up of
shrubbery can only result in a con-
fused mass of foliage, continually losing
instead of gaining, in beauty and attrac-
tion, as vegetation develops the true
proportion of the different trees and
shrubs.

It is impossible to offer to the planter
any suggestions on ornamental planting
of more vital importance, than to remind
him of the necessity of rational balance
of light and shade, and of artistic associ-
ation of all the various materials of em-
bellishment at his disposal. Let him but
give a serious thought to these considera-
tions, and his natural taste, coupled
with horticultural energy, will soon dis-
cover a pleasant pathway in a truly art-
istic direction, in the pursuit of which,
his grounds will forthwith gain in attractive
natural beauty, and his mind will be
gratified by a steady progress in the
study of true art and its application to
the embellishment of the grounds sur-
rounding this very fall, study the matter
during winter, and with the return of
spring you will be prepared to go to
work more knowingly and more pleas-
antly than ever before, whilst the uncer-
tain future of the year will be in the
line of ornamentation has always
prevented the proper efforts in this di-
rection.
Shade trees and shrubbery can be
transplanted now to the very best advan-
tage, but the necessity are baled safely
in the spring. Remember the usual
pressure of work of all kind returning
with each spring, and perform the
pleasant duty of embellishing the home
grounds in the season of leisure and
comparative rest—that time now—do
not permit it to pass without doing some-
thing in the elevation of the standard of
beauty of the home grounds, which are
constantly in the sight of the family
circle, and on the attraction of which
much of the enjoyment of true happiness
in rural life depends.
Pleasant surroundings of the home
are far more important in the education
of the family circle than most people are
willing to see and to admit. The ques-
tion is not one of mere gardening, but
one of education, of nourishment
and expansion of the mind.

Where Are the Orators?

—Excepting Colonel Vilas, who possesses
all the qualifications of an orator—
eloquence, ideas, vocabulary and all
the charms of these which combined
make what men call "style" in oratory,
and excepting Fellows and Cochran,
who proved delightful debaters, there
were no orators in the hall.
There were, of course, some good speak-
ers, like Wallace, Kelly, McKenzie,
Grady, Waller, Abbott, Cummings,
Black, but oratory is more than voice,
more than the ability to make a clear
statement of fact in diction appropriate
and correct.
What are our colleges doing in these
later years? Are we to have muscular
development everywhere except in the
throat? Are we to have a generation of
men who can write and not a dozen who
can speak? Is the handling of an orator
skillfully come to be more important
than the handling of ideas vocally? Is
the art of sparring with the gloves more
desirable in our day than the art of
thinking on the feet? Must our young
men practice fencing, tennis, polo, base
ball, cricket, and shall nobody practice
oratory? Or does culture delude itself
with the belief that oratory is simply
ideation, requiring no special muscular
course? If Demosthenes had thought so,
Cicero had thought so, Catiline might
have ruined Rome. If Pitt had thought so,
many noble measures would have
been long delayed. If Mirabeau had
thought so, the galaxy of France would
have been a different galaxy. If the
Parliament of Ireland would not have
shown that, when permitted to do so, Ireland can govern
herself better than her enemy has governed
her. If Patrick Henry had thought so,
the American revolution might have been
postponed. If Charles Sumner had
thought so, American history would
read less sublimely.
Oratory is as truly an art as poetry, or
sculpture or painting. It has its science;
and like poetry, like sculpture and like
painting, its laws must be obeyed. It is
a double art; an art of the mind, an art
of the muscles. It requires strong and
pliant, soft and supple vocal chords, and
their strength and pliancy, their endur-
ance and their timbre are the product of
cultivation—that is, of practice accord-
ing to law. It is a double art in its code
of gesture and attitude, facial expres-
sion, and all variety of bodily action,
influenced by the progress of the speak-
er's ideas to be expressed simultaneously
by words and bodily action; and this

again, can be correctly acquired only by
cultivation—by practice according to law.
It is not enough to have education. It
is not enough to have memory; indeed,
many of the finest orators have feeble
memory and must trust to the spontaneous
inspiration of time, place, occasion to
move them to effort. But, whether the
spoken thought be uttered without pre-
paration or be written and committed,
their delivery in an effective and pleas-
ing form is an art wholly apart from
imagination or diction. It is a muscular
art, the aesthetic art of the muscles; and
it can be acquired only by study of prin-
ciples and by actual practice. Mr. Hub-
bard had more voice than Colonel Vilas,
and on the scales would be more distin-
guished, but it was only Colonel Vilas
that the most discriminating as well as
the most cultured pronounced the orator.

It has been easy enough on the part
of newspaper critics to sneer at the in-
tercollegiate oratorical contests we have
every year. These puny Goldsmiths
who write a little below the angels and
speak a little above poor Poll have no
comprehension of the requirements of
oratory; and these two national conven-
tions, to say nothing of our dreary pub-
lics, ought to convince the most cynical
and the most skeptical that the colleges,
colleges, and ecclesiastical seminaries,
should devote more time than they do
to vocal gymnastics, to debates, espe-
cially on serious topics, and should de-
mand that speakers cultivate the phys-
ical as well as the intellectual side of or-
atory. If our public were better informed
in this art; if we were more accustomed
to the fit and effective expression of
ideas according to the canons of scientific
and beautiful speech, our standard in
characteristic taste would be higher and
pleasure proportionately greater in the
drama. Our pulpits, instead of being
boxes on which egotism, dullness and
uncouthness exhibit themselves, would
be potent for instruction and religion.
Our politicians, instead of being a
parade of mediocrity and vulgar pretension,
Grattan was not ashamed to be taken
for a madman when practicing in a
wood. Pitt was sagacious enough to
pose as a madman before a mirror.
Men who undertake to speak in public
owe it to the public to cultivate the art
of oratory as truly as the painter long
practices before he offers a picture for
sale. The athleticism of our colleges
has been given some attention, but in the
direction of elocution and extempore de-
bate, with coaches and critics and con-
tests and prizes, if we are not wholly to
lose one of the noblest, most useful and
most charming of arts.—Chicago Herald.

Short Talk With the Boys.

"It being a rainy morning, with a pros-
pect of a drizzling, tedious day, let's get
the tools out and hunt around the house
for odd jobs. Here's a pane of glass
broken in the corner of the door, and if
it is so old and hard that it will be a
slow job to dig it out. If we had thought
of it last night and applied kerosene oil
the putty would come away easily
enough, but as we didn't, let's try
another plan. Heat the oil in a poker
red hot and pass it over the putty a few
times. Now take the inch-chisel and
you spring it away in pieces two inches
long. When the new pane has been
fitted drive in—
"Three or four tacks."
"You botch; you want sine
points."
"But I haven't any."
"Ah, well. Take down those timber's
shears and find an oyster can. The tin
is heavy enough, but we will use an
eight point instead of four and make 'em
deep. In the corner of the door, and if
it is so old and hard that it will be a
slow job to dig it out. If we had thought
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